THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT!

VOLUME XXXIV. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854. | WHOLE NO. 1733.

Original Poetry.

EVALINE GRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MORRIS C. PENNOCK.

I know of a spot where the wild roses grew,
On the banks of a rippling stream,
[illegible] dances along with a murmuring flow,
[illegible] music when heard in a dream.
[illegible] now all neglected; nor beauty, nor grace,
The careless observer may see
[illegible] its green borders; yet still is that place
More dear than all others to me.

For there, when my swift-running current of life
Was bathed in the sunlight of youth,
[illegible] by the raging convulsions of strife,
But strong with the vigor of Truth,
[illegible] bright as the bow in the roar of the storm,
[illegible] more pure than its loveliest ray,
First came to my vision, the angel-like form
Of beautiful Evaline Gray.

Oh, fair was her cheek as the morning's soft glow!
And, clear as the depths of the skies,
The strong under-current of feeling's pure flow
That lit up her loving blue eyes;
And when by the brook she went singing along,
With tenderness melting each tone,
The thrush in the thicket would pause in his song,
More pleased with her voice than his own!

Through all the glad spring, with its freshness untold,
We sported beneath the green trees,
With spirits as light as her tresses of gold,
That played with the bloom-laden breeze;
And with the bright summer more bright grew our dreams,
And stronger each love-woven chord,
That bound in one channel the soul-thrilling streams
Our hearts' deepest fountains outpoured.

But ah! when the autumn came over the plain,
Arrayed in bright purple and red,
And shook from her pinions rich treasures of grain,
And orchards with rosy fruit spread,
[illegible] out her dark quiver a poisonous dart
Flew down through the dim hazy day,
[illegible] in shadows, and smote to the heart,
My beautiful Evaline Gray!

With quivering pulses and fast-dimming eye
She sank on my grief-stricken breast,
[illegible] spoke not a word, though each faltering sigh
The depth of her anguish express'd;—
[illegible] her,—oh! frantic with sorrow and fear,
I plead with Omnipotent Love
[illegible] save her;—but ah! the sweet angels drew near,
And bore her young spirit above.

[illegible] now, by the cot where the willow trees wave
Their billowy boughs overhead,
[illegible] the white stones of a little green grave
The rosemary's fragrance is shed.
[illegible] the rose and the flowing bulrushes
No longer look blooming and gay,
But, lone and neglected, with me seem to mourn
The fate of sweet Evaline Gray.

[illegible] Grove, Salem, Ohio.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NO. XXII.

SUNSETS

When the calm west flings all her portals wide
To give fair exit to her royal guest,
Who, with his mantle quivering on the tide
Of the blue ocean seeks his wonted rest,
Oft have I stood upon the mossy sill
Of some old cot, and deemed a city's mart
[illegible] in the clouds, and teeming still
With glorious structures, fashioned by no human art.

[illegible] turrets tipped with gold; there, the strong keep
[illegible] towers huge, where battlemented walls
[illegible] prisoners, who moan and weep
[illegible] echoes fill th' etherial halls;
[illegible] fierce cry, prolonged, takes awful forms,
[illegible] into dying groans—swells to mad mirth;
[illegible] these wild sounds sometimes we hear in storms,
When from the tempest discord wings her way to earth.

[illegible] fair villages in beauty lie,
The silver spire, the river gliding fleet,
The brown hills, sloping to the emerald sky,
The pleasant vista of the winding street;
[illegible] waves, where rides the painted craft;
[illegible] pyramids and temples bright;
[illegible] broken by the burning shaft,
[illegible] leaps from the great bow of living light.

[illegible] you isles through misty vapor shine!
While radiant flowers up-spring, and leaves of gold
White lilies, all the sparkling waters line,
A bright, frail fleet, to battle with the gale,
[illegible] the crimson belt of fleecy coast!
The jutting headland, and the bold, gray rocks—
[illegible] again, to what I love the most,
[illegible] meadows, filled with shepherds and their flocks.

Oh [illegible] thou glorious artist of all time;
Thy pencil, dipped in heaven's transcendent light,
[illegible] failed thee;—since the hour sublime
When the first morning burst the chains of night,
[illegible] enriched her courts with paintings rare,
[illegible] and free, where lowliest herd may feel
[illegible] inspiration, and to millions, hear
[illegible] whose royal birth-right God himself shall seal.

I have been agreeably surprised to find that [illegible] He who hung that great world of light in mid-heaven gives us glorious sunsets, equal in gorgeousness to our vaunted northern skies. We were led to expect otherwise; indeed, in all things, I think these generous [illegible] have been somewhat shabbily treated. [illegible], with a rainbow prodigality of coloring, is only heightened in effect by the [illegible] luxurious presence of tropical vegetation [illegible] it is like a beauty, plainly but [illegible]; here it glitters in all the splendor [illegible] jewelry, letting the folds of its gaudy [illegible] looped up with flowers of unimaginable [illegible]. And when, after the storm wind, the [illegible] trail in troops along the path of the [illegible] hunter, through forests of grandeur, whose [illegible] is dipped in the crimson dyes of [illegible]—then it is a sunset to see; to gaze [illegible] with awe, and wonder, like the child [illegible] if these beautiful things are glimpses of the heaven beyond.

Three times a week we have music—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. A band of nearly [illegible] performers, led by a German, gathered about a stand in front of the barracks, is to the stranger a novel sight. They play delightfully many tit-bits from the operas, and [illegible] national airs; but I do not recollect ever to have heard one genuine American tune, though they frequently give us "La Marseillaise." But the Queen and the Emperor are [illegible] now—and sing each other's anthems with great gusto.

[illegible]; they played Yankee Doodle [illegible] nocturnal visit to the Consul, but I [illegible] could hear, in all its glory, "Hail Columbia, happy land"—the best tune of the [illegible] under heaven.

[illegible] times as much amused as provoked [illegible] servility displayed by some of my countrymen in their interviews with foreigners. Instead of reminding the traveller that necessarily he sees through green spectacles, and everything (except he stop long enough to wear those of a natural hue) must be tinged with all the colors of his national prejudice—they allow too much, and so slander the land that gave them birth.

"I don't know but you are right; we do need to end so. I believe I must agree with you there—we have no decent steamers—and I am afraid, as you say, it is bad policy, this change of administration so frequently," and so on, ad infinitum. As for me, I'm so thoroughly Yankee, that I won't allow anything to be wrong about my country. It gives homes to the starving, and bread to the hungry. It takes in its arms the loathsome denizens of the old world, and, Samaritan-like, pours oil upon their wounds. It cherishes in its sterile glens many a master spirit of the coming age. It provides nobly for its children, and places in every sunburnt hand a little magic sheet, that says to the poor man, "you may know as much as the prince; read and be wise."

I honor the Britons, because they are such sticklers for national prejudices. In their eyes, there is nobody like Queen Victoria. They would fight for her, die for her. Nothing to them is superior to British manufactures—nothing to British productions. This is owing to the fact that England's superiority is kept constantly before them—they nurse in her love with their milk. There is no mother so poor, none so rich, but finds time alike to instil sentiments of patriotism into the bosoms of her sons and daughters. I fear this thing is overlooked at home—the subject of liberty has become somewhat stale, and, like many a blessing of life, too common for thankfulness or comment.

Thousands of mothers of the present day never think of imbuing the tender minds given to their charge with sentiments of patriotism. They do not kindle in their young hearts an undying love, an exalted reverence for those glorious beings who were ready to lay their lives upon the altar of liberty, if they might but perpetuate the fires kindled upon that sacred place. Alas! what heed does the frivolous, fashionable, ball-craving, party-attending mother—to whom a compliment from some trifling fop affords greater pleasure than the delightful training of the little child by her side—what heed does such an one give to the great questions of the day?

Has she not to decide (momentous question) whether red shaded with green, will be most appropriate for the trimming of her new robe? Has she not to spend, perhaps, a day or two in "hunting up" a first-class dress maker, who never charges less than five dollars per job, and has her hands full, at that?

Has she not to ransack all the shops, far and near, for a ribbon of the exact shade which she fancies will alone serve her caprice? for the ball is to come off to-morrow. And so sublime a subject must necessarily tax her colloquial powers to the utmost. With friends and casual visitors, it furnishes questions and answers, guesses and wishes, hopes and fears, surprises and scandals.

"Where are the children?"

"Bless you, little Annie has gone out with the Irish girl. She does so amuse the child with her hobgoblin stories! Charles and Willy I have sent up to the nursery; they bother me dreadfully with their everlasting questions. I have actually spoiled that piece of beautiful lace by cutting it in the wrong place. Henry—I don't know where he is; I hope he is not at play with that little swearing fellow over the street—but, dear me! what can one do with so many children, when one has so much to perform with one pair of hands? To think! this collar must be finished by to-morrow night. *I would not fail for worlds!!!*

Imagine such a mother infusing patriotism into the warm heart of curly pated Henry—the idea is absurd. In runs the little fellow,

"Mamma, who was Washington?"

"Why! Washington, my dear, don't you know? He was the father of his country—love."

"Yes, mamma, but what did he do? Where did he live?"

"What a question, Henry! he lived in America, of course; he was a great patriot—he gave us our freedom."

"*How* did he give us our freedom?" continues the pertinacious little inquirer.

"Why, by fighting, child."

"Oh, you told me it's wicked to fight."

"It is for little boys, to be sure; but men have to fight sometimes. By and bye, you will understand it, when you get to history—you are too young now. There! go and play; and step off my lace, you little pest, you have ruined it! I wish you would learn not to disturb me when I am at work."

So the poor fellow is left with a confused idea that Washington was somebody—that men *may* fight, if boys *must not*—and that his mother's lace was of more importance than his question, or Washington, or the whole world besides.

An exquisite little incident occurs to me now. John Adams was taught by his mother, in whose character piety and patriotism were most beautifully blended, to repeat the following verses after his prayers, every night and morning:—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung—
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes—a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit there."

Who wonders that with such a mother the man grew up a patriot? No cringing in his soul to foreign wealth or power. He was proud that he was an American.

But I quite forget that I am writing from Demerara.

IMPURE LANGUAGE.—There are some habits which we can never entirely annihilate, after we have once formed them. The use of impure language is one of these habits. It may be subdued and slumber for years, till its existence is almost forgotten: and then, in the delirium of fever, it may suddenly burst forth, to the astonishment of all who listen. Many a devoted Christian, in the delirium of a sick-bed, has shocked his friends by the use of profane or obscene language, which could be explained only by the fact that he had been familiar with such language in early life. In reading the memoir of Dr. Grant, the missionary to the Nestorians, I was struck with a fact relating to his last illness. For seventeen days previous to his death, he was in a delirium; but, says his biographer, "Though speaking almost constantly on many topics, in three different languages, that is, English, Turkish, and Syriac, he did not utter a single word he would have been ashamed of afterwards. His associates listened to those disclosures of his secret heart, and wondered that nothing appeared they would have wished to conceal."—*Well-Spring.*

A MODEL CLERK.—Young Man—"I called to see about the clerkship you advertised as vacant."

Old Gent.—"Hem! Have you got a gold watch and chain, a fast horse, a diamond ring, six suits of clothes, a bull dog, a thousand cigars, a cask of brandy, and an assortment of canes?"

Young Man—"Yes, sir, got 'em all."

Old Gent.—"Then you'll suit. My other clerk furnished himself with all those things out of the till, so as you're supplied I'll save the expense."

EXTRACTS

From the Diary of the Wife of a Western Physician.

Friday, Sept. 8th.—The long, warm month of August, is past and gone, and I am not sorry, for the days seemed endless; and the nights—oh, the nights, were terrible to me, aroused as I was from every slight nap, by that old, dismal sound, "Hillo, the house!"

I was sitting in my bed-room, one night last week, when those three words caused me to go to the door. An old woman, with an apron over her head, stood at the back gate.

"Do you wish to see the Doctor?" said I.

"Yes, my man's bad agin."

"The Doctor is not in."

"No, I reckon he never is in, when *we* want him; he can go fast enough to see rich folks."

"Shall I tell him to call, when he returns?"

"No, you needn't; I'll go after the Ingin Doctor; he's better, any way."

I left the woman muttering at the gate, for I heard now a knock at the front door, which I hastened to open; and what a "raw head and bloody bones" presented itself! (People must think that Doctor's wives have strong nerves.) A man, all in black, with the blood streaming from his white face, stood there, and with glaring eyes, as he sopped up the blood with his fine linen handkerchief, he faintly whispered,

"Is Dr. Boggs in?"

"No, sir."

"Can you give me a glass of water? I feel faint."

Here was I, alone, at this late hour, with this horrid spectre in the hall. He sat down on the stairs, and I hastened to bring water, trembling from head to foot. After drinking some water, he seemed to revive, and, with a ghastly smile, he said,

"You do not know me, Mrs. Boggs."

"No, sir," I fairly screamed, for he rose from his seat, and tottered towards me.

"Help me to the door, and I will try to walk home."

"Is it far? you cannot go alone," said I, nervously.

"No—not far; next door."

"Why, Mr. Brace! can this indeed be you?"

"Yes; my horse kicked me, as I put him up in the stable, just now, and I came right in to see the Doctor, before I went home, as I feared to alarm Mrs. Brace. I feel better now; good night." And he walked away, seeming hurt at my coldness and want of sympathy. I do not believe Mrs. Brace was half as much terrified at the bloody apparition as I was; for she has her family all around her, and I was all alone.

My *help* came back from her long visit, to tell me she could not stay with me.

"Why, Delia—do you not like living here?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"Then why not stay?" said I, quite humbly.

"Well, ma'am, I feel like I'm going to hev a spell of the ager."

"Stay with us then, and we will cure you."

"I thought I'd better stay to hum, and be a doin up my sowin', while the ager lasts."

"Nonsense," said I; "you needn't have a *spell of* agues at all, if you will only take the proper remedies."

But all my coaxing was in vain. She has gone, and the next I may expect to hear of her is that she is married. She was too shame-faced to tell me so, but I have not forgotten the long, lean fellow, that used to come to our well for water, and always went into the kitchen to get a cup to drink from, Delia always giving him the brightest one she had. Ah, well—folks will get married.

Monday.—What a day I have had of it! I was just eating my breakfast this morning, all alone, when the sound of wheels called me to the door. A wagon stopped at the gate; in it sat a man, and his wife, and his three children.

"Is Dr. Boggs in?" inquired the man.

"No, sir."

"Will he be in soon?"

"I cannot tell."

"Well, my wife is complaining some, and I have brought her over to be doctored. I guess I will leave her and the children here till evening, as I want to go ten miles out in the prairie to-day, and I will call for them as I come back; the Doctor will be home by that time, I reckon."

Here was a visitation! They all clambered out, and I conducted the hopeful family into the house, as the husband drove away.

The woman informed me that her name was Mrs. Hayden, and that she *did* like Dr. Boggs powerfully. I wished, in my heart, she had preferred somebody else; but I tried to appear grateful for her preference. My heart, however, failed me, as I thought of the long day to be got through with, and no one to assist me. Pretty soon the eldest child, a boy of five years, was missing.

"Don Alphonso!" screamed the mother.

No answer.

"Alph!"

No answer.

"Where is the scamp?" cried Mrs. Hayden, as she dropped her screaming baby on the floor, and ran out into the garden.

"You Al-phon-so-o!"

"What?"

The mother shaded her eyes with her open hand, and looked up, as I thought, at the sun, but it was at her young hopeful, perched on the very top of the house. He had climbed on to a low shed, and from there up, until he had reached his present eminence. He could not get down himself; so his mother had to try her climbing powers, while I hushed the baby. "You better believe" the young Don received a severe shaking when he reached the earth, at last, in safety.

By this time the little girl was crying for "cake," and I had none in the house. My breakfast was not yet cleared off, and all my baking was to be done.

But I cannot write down all the troubles of that long, long day. My husband returned at four o'clock, and after "doctoring" the lady, and prescribing for the children, they at length got off safely, about sundown; but they took care to get their supper first husband and all. I was fully engaged in cooking; so I was spared the necessity of hearing all the aches and pains; but I shall have to clean paint to-morrow; for those young ones have smeared every door and window.

Wednesday.—Oh, joyful day! my new girl has arrived. Now I may hope for some rest.

Thursday.—Haven't rested yet. My girl Hannah is "not used to my ways" yet, she says; so I have to follow her about the house from morning till night; for if I sit down, she does the same.

Friday.—I have found out that Hannah is a great coward, and dares not enter a room alone, even in daylight. She says she has "allers hearn tell that doctors keeps dead folks in their houses."

"Why, Hannah—how silly! What would we do with dead people?" said I.

"Oh, doctors don't keer; they are kinder used to 'em."

"Hannah, don't talk so; now, go down cellar and get some potatoes."

"Well, you'll hev to cum along, then."

"What nonsense! how am I to get any sewing done at this rate?"

"Can't help it, Miss Boggs! I won't go alone nowhere about this 'ere house, till I get used to it."

Of course, I was obliged to accompany her into the cellar, and then into the kitchen, and then up stairs. Oh, what *help!*

Saturday.—My husband says he is so glad I have got a girl. He has no idea but that she is one of the best, as he is never in the house more than an hour at a time, and I do not wish to spend that hour uttering my complaints. I was sitting in my room, sewing, this morning. I had left Hannah sweeping the yard; but soon she came screaming in, and clinging hold of me. She cried,

"Oh, murder! murder!"

"What in the world is the matter now, Hannah?"

"Look out there! Oh, oh!"

I did look, and there stood a woman, holding by the hand a boy, who limped as he tried to walk in at the gate.

"Well, what is there about them to scare you?" said I.

"Oh, his foot is *bleeding*, ma'am, and I can't see blood—it scares me so."

And this was all; a poor boy had cut his foot, and his mother was bringing him to the doctor. Truly, my girl is more trouble to me than the Doctor's patients have ever been.

Monday.—I attended church yesterday, alone, as usual, and on my return, found three men seated on my door-step,—all waiting for the Doctor. I told them plainly they need not wait, for he would not be home before dark; so they grumbled about his always being gone, and then went their way. Hannah staid at one of the neighbor's while I went to church, for she could not be persuaded to stay in the house alone, and she would not go to meeting, she said, "case she hadn't her white dress done up!"

Tuesday.—The Doctor is too unwell to ride to-day. He is stretched on the sofa, literally "done out." I am glad to have him in the house even on these terms. We could have a good long chat now, if it was not for that everlasting Hannah. There she sits, with open mouth and ears, taking in every word we say, and sometimes interrupting us to inquire who we are talking about. Well, I must be patient, for even Hannah is better than none, at times—if not to-day.

"Husband, how is Mrs. Frost?"

"She was," answered Hannah.

"Husband," said I, "does your head pain you now?"

"Ask Hannah," said he, laughing.

And Hannah thought it did.

ANECDOTES OF REV. DR. ALLYN.

Dr. John Allyn, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church, in Duxbury, Massachusetts, was a man of much eccentricity, as well as genius and worth. We reproduce the following characteristic anecdotes of the man from the Detroit Advertiser, the editor of which knew him well:

"When Dr. Allyn was ordained over his Society, in Duxbury, some sixty or seventy years ago, he disturbed the gravity of the Puritan deacons, by coolly paring and eating an apple while a brother clergyman was delivering the 'charge' and exhorting him to the faithful performance of his duties.

"In the later years of his life, the Doctor received into his family boys whom he fitted for College. He labored in various ways to accustom them to early rising, but without success. One bitter cold morning, he entered their rooms, and found them all comfortably napping in warm beds. At his appearance they began to rouse and yawn. 'Be quiet, be quiet, boys,' said the Doctor, 'you can lie as long as you please this morning—don't let me disturb you,' and before the bewildered youths had time to fully comprehend his meaning, he seized all the bed-clothes and disappeared with them.

"Mrs. Allyn had invited a large number of the 'aristocracy' of the town to 'take tea and spend the evening,' and in anticipation of the visit had baked a large quantity of nice cake. This the Doctor took without the knowledge of his spouse, and threw among the boys on the green, who eagerly devoured the delicacy. It was not till just previous to tea time that Mrs. Allyn discovered what had occurred, when she, like a woman of spirit, exhibited a just indignation. The Doctor very coolly reasoned with and consoled her thus: 'Why, I could see no harm in giving the cake to the boys; the people who have come here have cake every day at home; and only think of it! these poor boys never get any cake.'

"Dr. Allyn possessed an old square top chaise and an old horse that were well known in every part of the town. His wife and another lady, intending to call upon Mr. F———, whose husband was an influential and wealthy citizen, were comfortably seated in the chaise at the door of the parsonage. 'Wait,' said the clergyman, 'a minute, till I fix this buckle,' and he disappeared a few minutes behind the vehicle. 'All right,' shouted the Doctor, and off went the ladies as fast as the moderate pace of the horse would carry them. The distance travelled to the place of destination was about a mile. Whenever Mrs. Allyn and her friend approached a house or passed any one on the way, they observed that their appearance attracted attention, and they wondered much why people stared and nodded, and then gave indications of hilarity—some laughing immoderately. They 'jogged on,' however, till they arrived at the residence of Mrs. F———, in close proximity to which was a ship yard filled with workmen, who appeared to be no more civil than other people. They began to stare and laugh till the impudence and delight seemed to extend through the whole gang. The parson's wife was indignant; she alighted, and was not a little surprised to find written, in big letters, on the sides of the chaise, with white chalk, these words: *'Visit None but The Rich.'* The Doctor was never allowed to fix the buckle afterwards."

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.—What a book is this—that of the Proverbs! Forget that we were ever obliged to repeat them mechanically in our childhood, read them as they stand in all their breadth and richness of their meaning, with our better experience of life, and nothing short of utter astonishment and admiration will be our feeling. Such gems of wisdom in such golden settings from one who lived and died before the name of wisdom was known among the nations from whom the world's sages have since sprung! What shrewd perception of human character under all conditions and moods—what comprehensive exhibition of life in its whole compass, and of Divine Providence in its moral aims and sure rewards and punishment—what counsels to frugality, industry, moderation, prudence, benevolence, peace!—What varied illustrations from man and beast, nature and art! How terse and polished the style! How condensed the thought! To think of reading the little book through in a day would be folly, although its lines may be run over in an hour. Each line is a sermon, and gives food for new reflection every time we recur to it.

DRESS.—Speaking of beauty, I wish people would dress pleasantly, benevolently. I saw a lovely girl to-day, looking unlovely and unloveable, because her muslin dress was stiffly starched, to *keep clean longer*. My laundress tries to persuade me into the barbarous custom. To my mind, a woman should always look as soft to the touch as the flower, and as pure. All her garments should be made of the finest and softest material possible, material that will easily dispose itself into folds, falling gracefully around her, and not, by being liable to be ruffled every moment, compel her to stiff attitudes and starched demeanor, denying her the luxury of lounge and loll; why, my very words would grow prim and precise, were I to wear a dress which depended on flour or potato for its propriety."

"LET ME IN."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

When the summer evening's shadows
Veiled the earth's calm loveliness,
Came a young child, faint and weary,
Tapping at a cottage door;
"Wandering through the winding wood-paths,
My worn feet too long have been,
Let me in, oh, gentle mother,
Let me in!"

Years passed on,—his eager spirit
Gladly watched the flying hours;
"I will be a child no longer,
Finding bliss in birds and flowers;
I will seek the bands of pleasure,
I will join their merry din;
Let me in to joy and gladness,
Let me in!"

Years sped on—yet vainly yearning,
Murmured still the restless heart—
"I am tired of heartless folly,
Let the glittering cheat depart;
I have found in worldly pleasure
Nought to happiness akin,
Let me in to love's warm presence,
Let me in!"

Years flew on; a youth no longer,
Still he owned the restless heart;
"I am tired of love's soft durance,
Sweet-voiced syren we must part;
I will gain a laurel chaplet,
And a world's applause will win;
Let me in to fame and glory,
Let me in!"

Years fled on;—the restless spirit
Never found the bliss it sought;
Answered hopes and granted blessings
Only new aspirings brought;
"I am tired of earth's vain glory,
I am tired of grief and sin,
Let me in to rest eternal,
Let me in!"

Thus the unquiet, yearning spirit,
Taunted by a vague unrest,
Knocks and calls at every gateway,
In a vain and fruitless quest;
Ever striving some new blessing,
Some new happiness to win,—
At some portal ever saying,
"Let me in!"

—*Portland Transcript.*

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SPRITE IN THE CONVENT.

Now is it not a pity such a merry girl as I,
Should be sent to a nunnery to pine away and die?
I am sure I cannot tell what the mischief I have done,
I only wanted *freedom*, and a little bit of *fun*;
So, mother, don't be angry now, but let your daughter be,
For the nuns wouldn't like to have a pupil wild as me!
And I *don't* like the nuns! no, I *don't* like the nuns!
I'm so fond of frolic that I can't like the nuns!

The mock tournament had broken up in something very like disorder—the company gathering into knots to discuss this last eccentricity of Miss L'Oiseau, or dispersing to laugh at it in their own apartments.

The Commodore, with a grip of Jacqueline's shoulder, sent her along before him and his party, until they reached their own private parlor.

"And now you—*what* shall I call you! *What* shall I say to you! Was *ever* a man so bedevilled as I am!" he exclaimed, standing her before him.

"Have patience, uncle! 'Patience, and smoke your pipe!'"

"I'll be shot if I do! Where did you get that masquerading dress, you little minx?"

"I ran you in debt for it, uncle! It cost only three hundred dollars."

"Three hun——WHAT!"

"Yes, you see, it's not real precious metal and precious stones—it's only the best o' tin and colored glass—nothing's real in it but the white plumes! And aunty can have *them* for her winter bonnet if she wants them. And that'll be a real saving!" said Sans Souci, very demurely, her wicked eyes sparkling with internal fun.

The Commodore trotted up and down, making short, impatient turns in the narrow room, like a chafed old lion in his cage, and grunting,

"Ugh! ugh! ugh! She crushes me! She presses me! I feel like a lemon between the squeezers, with every drop of blood starting from every pore of my skin. Ugh! ugh! You little imp of Satan, you! Where in thunder did you think I was to get three hundred dollars to pay for your devilries!"

"Nowhere in thunder, sir."

"I won't pay for it! there, minx!"

"Just as you please, uncle! Only do remember that you gave the agent a *carte blanche* to get any fancy dress I should order, and I fancied ordering this!"

"It was a breach of trust! It was an abominable breach of trust! And three hundred dollars for so much flashy trash!"

"Ha, ha, ha! be comforted, uncle! Since you are so stingy, let me tell you that your niece's fancy dress cost you next to nothing. The agent hired it for her from a pantomime company!"

The Commodore uttered a cry, and dropped down into a chair as if he had been shot. He was really *shocked*.

"All the fiends alive! Henrietta, *do* you hear that! Mary, do you hear that! She has actually dressed herself in the common property dress of some theatre or other! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! She—she's a visitation of wrath! she—she's a judgment on me for my sins! Ugh! Ugh! She's a cleaving madness, she is! 'A pantomime property,' you ——! Get out of my sight this instant, you imp, before I'm tempted to murder you!"

"Don't fret and fume, uncle—it will bring on the gout!"

"Begone!"

"Don't fret, uncle! I have only been joking with you! Why, I would no more wear second hand costume, than—than—you would have me to do it. The agent had this suit made to order *for me*—and it did not cost much either—a mere trifle!"

"Who can put any confidence in what you say, you elf!"

"Every body can, uncle! You can, when I assure you that I am telling the truth! And since you spoke of the price, let me tell you again that this cost only—"

"D—l take the cost! I'm not thinking of the *cost*, but of your conduct—"

"—Yes! didn't I do it beautifully, uncle? Ain't you proud of me now? Ain't I an honor to you?"

"You're a—catastrophe! Get out of my sight! Begone! And don't let me see you again for a week!"

Jacqueline laughed, and started, her mock armor jingling like silver bells as she went.

When the door closed after her a family council was held. Henrietta sat there, taking things as quietly as she usually took them. But Mary L'Oiseau was pale with surprise, dismay, and dread, until the Commodore, turning to her, said,

"Well, madam! What do you think I shall have to do with this precious girl of yours?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the timorous creature, beginning to weep. "I always knew it would turn out just so!"

"Just how?"

"I always knew Jacqueline would give you offence, and then—and then—"

"Well, and then—what? Can't you speak, Mary?"

But Mary was weeping.

"I ask you what you think had best be done with her."

"Oh! I'm sure I don't know! I can't defend her! You must do exactly as you think fit! I shan't interfere!"

"No matter *what* I decide to do with her?"

"No, indeed! for I'm perfectly weary and worn out with contending with her follies."

"Well, then, I'll marry her to Grim'—right off!"

"Oh, no! not that! She is but fifteen! she is too young! Besides, she wouldn't consent now! She'd be sure to be mulish! Wait for two or three years, until she is old enough, and has sense enough to see the advantages of such a marriage—then she'll consent."

"Then she will be sure to do just as Edith did! Especially as it will be some time before Luckenough is built up, and we shall have to board in the village, where we shall see all sorts of people, and she'll have beaux, and who can prevent it?"

"But can't you send her to some convent-school for a year or two, until we are settled again at Luckenough, or until she is old enough to be married?" suggested Mrs. L'Oiseau meekly and whisperingly.

"To a convent-school—I never thought of that before—let me see now—yes! I think that will do—the life is very secluded, and the discipline very strict. Yes! that is very good. She shall go and stay a year, and then she shall come out and marry Grim'. That is excellent! Really, Mary, when you're put to it you have got more sense than anybody would think! I'll go and talk to Grim' about it!"

And, leaving the two ladies alone, the Commodore went in quest of Doctor Grimshaw, whom, after a long search, he found walking up and down a secluded avenue of the lawn in much disturbance of mind. Perhaps of all her friends who had been present at the mock tournament, Doctor Grimshaw had been the most severely shocked and scandalized by the feats of his betrothed. Yet now that the Commodore addressed him, and, walking up and down with him, explained his plans in regard to Jacqueline, Grim' shook his head. He did not like to part with his favorite—did not know what they should do without her at home, and did not believe it safe to send her to a nunnery.

"Do you know the partridge never can be tamed, and dies if it is caged? My fairy love is like the partridge. If she is put in the convent she will drive the sisters mad, or break her own heart. Don't send her away. Wait till we are married. I am sure I can reform her, and make her happy also."

"Yes! but I tell you," said the Commodore, "that unless you consent to part with her for a time, you may *never* marry her! Where we are going to live it will be impossible to separate her from young people of her own age, even from Thurston Willcoxen, and what would you think now if I should tell you that *already* her fancy has been touched by that young man from merely seeing him at church?"

Doctor Grimshaw started and changed color—jealousy had entered his heart for the first time—jealousy of the elegant Thurston Willcoxen.

"He must not be permitted to form her acquaintance! He must not be permitted to enter the house where she lives!"

"I should like to know how *that's* to be prevented while we are boarding, unless I send to school as I purposed."

"Something else must be thought of. I cannot lose her society. And I cannot consent that she shall suffer constraint. We must find some other plan."

While Doctor Grimshaw was thus pleading the cause of his elfish love, a waiter approached and handed him a little triangular note. His sallow face flushed when he saw that it was from Jacqueline. It contained the following flattering proposition: That—as her mother and her aunty had declined being present at the fancy ball of that evening and had determined that she should not appear unless escorted by Doctor Grimshaw—*therefore* she had decided upon taking a character which would afford him a fitting opportunity of attending her in costume—she should appear as Beauty in the fairy tale of "Beauty and the Beast." Would he therefore please to come as the Beast? She had selected this, she said, in consideration of his convenience, because it would require so little modification of his usual appearance and manner. If he did not like that, however—would he be Vulcan to her Venus? She offered him the choice; she only wished to please him, she was sure.

Dr. Grimshaw was not unaccustomed to this style of compliment from the highly provoked and equally provoking fairy. And previous to this day he had received her witty jibes and taunts and sarcasms with a patience and philosophy which was not without some natural dignity, as if he had felt that a man of his years and learning, and highly respectable standing in church and state, must not suffer himself to be disturbed by the quaint petulance of an elf. But now his bosom was vulnerable, for his heart was sore with new-felt jealousy—jealousy of the all praised Thurston Willcoxen. And he felt her shafts keenly. At any time before this, he would have borne his suffering in silence; now stung by jealousy, he cried out bitterly,

"Yes! Beast! Vulcan! Ogre! Afrit! Gnome! Ghoul! Goblin! Nightmare! Vampire! Warlock! Giraffe! Griffin! Dragon! Leprechaun! Kelpie! Old Man of the Sea. Her vocabulary of abuse is *inexhaustible*, and these are the love names she calls me by!"

"In the name of all the demons, Grim', what the d—l *does* ail you? What the furies are you driving at?" exclaimed the Commodore, with his great round eyes staring with all their might at his excited companion.

At another time, Dr. Grimshaw would have concealed the tricks of his elfish love, and so shielded her from her uncle's wrath. But jealousy is as mean and spiteful in some stages, as it is terrible and remorseless in others. It is said to be "as cruel as the grave;" it is also loathsome as the worm that battens therein. He passed Jacqueline's little squib of a note to the Commodore, where it acted like a lighted match thrown into a barrel of gunpowder. The old soldier exploded into fury; abusing the poor fairy without measure, calling her names that would never bear repetition here, and swearing horribly profane oaths that he would send her to the nunnery, where she should remain until she knew how to behave herself. And as to the fancy ball of that night, she should not appear at it *at all*, in any character or under any escort whatever. She should, on the contrary, keep her own chamber, where she would have leisure to repent of her wickedness, he reckoned—— But for the Commodore to reckon without Jacqueline in anything that materially concerned herself, was not safe.

It is true he put his threat in execution—and locked the poor elf up in her room, and took away the key, lest some one should release her. But Jacqueline laughed at his cunning, and with the point of her scissors, inserted between the lock and the catch, easily turned back the bolt and set herself at liberty.

And that evening, in the midst of the fancy ball, when everybody had seen everybody else, and curiosity was satisfied, and the excitement apparently over, a great sensation was created by the sudden rising of a new star, who was announced as the Elfin Princess Maligna—who never unmasked, but in the course of the evening contrived to set more people by the ears together, and excite more lover's quarrels, and cause more surprises, and panics and starts and tremors, than had probably ever afflicted any one night, since "the morning and the evening was the first day." And at cock crow she vanished. No one could have sworn to the identity, but it would have been impossible for Jacqueline to have proved an *alibi* during the hours passed by the Elfin Princess at the fancy ball.

The next morning the fay was cited to appear before the family court, which held its session in the private parlor. And there she was informed of her doom, to be sent to the nunnery to school for one year.

To the surprise of all, Jacqueline received this sentence with great calmness—only her eyes were really flashing beneath their demure lids, her lips were puckered up with a suppressed smile, and her whole form and face were instinct with the concealed anticipation of some unprecedented mischief and delicious fun.

Oh! she was willing to go to the nunnery, certainly! there was nothing she would like better or so well! And so it was settled.

The season at Bentley was now over. The visitors in numbers were leaving. And the family of Luckenough prepared to follow their example.

They returned to their lodgings at Benedict, where they were once more settled by the middle of September. Preparations were then commenced for the outfit of Jacqueline. Her mother wept incessantly at the thought of parting from her darling though willful child, from whom she had never been separated in her life. And Jacqueline sought to comfort her.

"Don't fret, Minny; *I'll be back in a week!*" she said, mysteriously.

"Not so soon as that, my dear, I know. But, oh! Jacky, I never loved but you; and I do hope that your conduct will be so exemplary that your uncle will soon shorten the term of your imprisonment, and recall you. For I know that if he hears good reports of you from the sisters, he will sacrifice the price of the whole term, and bring you home before it is over; for, with all his faults, he is not stingy."

"No indeed! And never you mind, Minny, *my conduct shall be such that I will return in a week!*"

"I hope so, indeed, my love; but it will not be quite so soon as that, I fear!"

"Oh, Minny, you *always fear* something! I tell you *I shall behave in such a way as to be brought back in a week!*"

"Well, my love, maybe so; but I fear your old uncle won't trust so sudden a reform as that!"

The convent-school selected for Jacqueline, was that of St. Serena, situated on Mount Serene, in a distant, hilly, and highly picturesque county. The day of her departure arrived, and with many tears the members of the family took leave of Jacqueline, who, with ill-suppressed mirth and mischief peeping out from under her downcast eyelids, and out of the corners of her pursed up lips, entered the carriage with her uncle, and commenced her journey.

The afternoon of the second day brought them near their journey's end.

There is not in all the north a more beautiful country than that which surrounds the convent whose name I shall purposely veil under that of Mount St. Serena. It is broken, hilly, and mountainous, clothed with fine forests, watered by crystal streams, and varied by rocks, caverns and waterfalls.

A road through this highly picturesque scenery, running now by the side of a forest-shaded river, now under the shadow of some extended cliff; winding now around the base of some wooded hill, and now through the tortuous defile of some mountain pass, brought our travellers finally within the precincts of the convent grounds.

A carriage drive through a fine piece of woods led them to the banks of the narrow, rock-bound, forest shaded, beautiful river, St. Serene, where a ferry boat waited to take them across.

Upon the rising ground on the opposite side, in the midst of a grove of trees, gleamed the white walls and chimneys of the convent buildings. The main building, and all the lesser ones dependent upon it, were in the pure and elegant style of Grecian architecture. The grounds around them were highly improved and adorned with artificial lakes, grottos, groves, groups of statuary, arbors, shaded walks, and everything that wealth in the hands of taste could procure to perfect them in beauty and pleasure. And surrounding all was the undulating, hilly and mountainous country that I have described.

The carriage containing our travellers entered the ferry boat, and was poled across the river.

Passing up a gentle ascent, they entered by a handsome gate upon a gravelled and elm-shaded drive, that conducted them up to the front of the convent—a handsome, white granite front, with a portico supported by light Ionic columns, running the whole width.

Here the carriage stopped, and the Commodore alighted, followed by Jacqueline, whom he led up the marble stairs to the main entrance.

The door stood wide open, and at once they entered the hall, across which, about six feet before them, stretched an iron grating, behind which sat a closely-veiled nun, with a great key—this was the portress of the nunnery.

The old Commodore, keeping a respectful distance, bowed low and explained his business, and requested to see the Mother Superior.

The portress, without raising her veil, merely pointed to a door on their side of the grating, and on the left of the hall.

The Commodore bowed again, and conducted Jacqueline through that door into a plainly but neatly furnished parlor,—across the centre of which, from side to side, and from floor to ceiling, ran the same iron grating. And while speaking of it, I might as well inform you that everywhere guarding the approaches to the interior of the convent, ran this iron grating—even in the chapel, in the confessional, between the priest and the penitent, was this iron grating. It was the barrier erected around the fold to protect the sheep and the young lambs from their natural enemy, the wolf—or, in other words, the brides of Heaven and their virgin charge, from their "natural enemy, man." Strange, that in spite of all, elopements would sometimes occur—not that the wolf ever once broke *in*, but that a lamb would sometimes break *out*.

To return to the Commodore. He knew that Jacqueline might and would pass behind that grating, but that *he* might never be permitted to do so—no, scarcely if his little Jacko were within and dying—and his heart sank to think what a barrier he was about to raise up between himself and her.

But before he could turn these things twice over in his mind, silently behind the grating appeared the shadow of the Lady Superior.—She was a comely and benignant looking woman, of about thirty years of age, and spoke in a voice so pleasant that its tones haunted the ear for days afterwards.

As everything had been pre-arranged by an epistolary correspondence between herself and Commodore Waugh, there was now nothing to do but to deliver Jacqueline into her hands, and take leave.

The Commodore's heart sank lower and lower as the instant of departure hastened on. He detained his little "Minx" as long as possible—he would even now have gladly taken her back with him, had such a step been advisable for the prosperity of his private plans—he wished to gather her to his bosom and kiss her fondly—but he durst not do so within those holy walls, or in that holy presence! So, pressing her hand, and bidding her "be a good girl," and finally kissing her cheek in the most decorous manner, he took leave and departed, bitterly regretting the untoward fate that compelled him to leave his "Monkey" in "that gloomy prison," as he chose to miscall the most beautiful and enchanting place under the sun.

Never distress yourself, Commodore! It would be difficult or impossible to reduce Jacqueline to a strait from which she could not deliver herself just as soon as she pleased. And while you are bemoaning her fate as you roll along towards home, *her* little head is busy in the devising of new mischief, which shall make you lament and deplore with much better reason than you do now. As the Mother Superior led Jacqueline along, she addressed her in a pleasant voice, saying,

"My dear, are you fatigued, and would you like to go to the dormitory and lie down?"

"No, mother, I am not the least tired."

"This is the recreation hour, and the pupils, your future companions, are in the back lawn, amusing themselves; perhaps you would like to join them?"

"Yes, mother."

The lady then conducted Jacqueline through the great hall, down the back stairs, and out into the back lawn—where a peerless vision of beauty burst upon the sight of the young girl.

If the grounds in front of the house were admirably laid out and adorned, those at the back were far more charming from natural beauty. In the midst was a small crystal lake, or pond, half surrounded by trees; green mounds and groves of trees stood here and there; and rocks and ravines, and banks of wild flowers and parterres of cultivated plants, diversified the scene. These grounds were terminated by or rather ran into a fine piece of woods that climbed up the sides of steep hills.

Here were assembled about one hundred young girls from the ages of seven to seventeen—engaged in various amusements. Some were skipping ropes, some trundling hoops, some swinging, some mounted on Shetland ponies were pacing around the outskirts of the grounds, and some were in little boats rowed by the nuns upon the lake—while others of quieter temperaments, were cultivating the flowers in the parterres, or gathered under the shade of trees, were dressing dolls or telling stories.

"Young ladies," said the Mother Superior, as she appeared with Jacqueline, "this is Miss L'Oiseau, of St. Mary county. I hope that you will make her welcome, and make her feel at home among you."

Then calling one or two girls of about Jacqueline's own age, she introduced her to them, and left her in their care.

But our fairy scarcely needed their introduction and patronage; wherever there was youth and high spirits to be excited, or dullness to be exasperated, or mischief in any shape or form to be done, there was Jacqueline "at home."

And soon the sprite had thrown herself like yeast into the crowd of young folks, and soon the whole mass was rising in a state of fermentation. The swings flew higher, the skipping-ropes turned faster, the Shetland ponies no longer paced, but galloped, reared and pranced with their riders, and the little skiffs no longer floated gently, but dashed and splashed among the sparkling waters, as if a whole shoal of water nymphs were at play, until the nuns who rowed, assured their romping passengers that if they did not cease their sports, they would upset the boats. Even the quiet girls who had hitherto found excitement enough in tending flowers and dressing dolls, or telling stories, now arose and contended with the others for the possession of the swings and skipping ropes. In a word, the whole pleasure grounds were in a state of irrepressible effervescence, when the supper-bell rang and three or four Sisters came out to marshal the girls to the refectory.

At their appearance order was instantly restored; the young assembly immediately gathered together and fell into line, and marched into the house.

A door on the right-hand of the back entrance, led them into the refectory; a spacious hall flanked with many windows, and having down the middle of its whole length a long table, covered with a snow-white cloth, and adorned with snow-white china. "Snow-white" were also the walls, the ceiling, the window-blinds, the floor, and the chairs that sat at the table. The whole apartment had a look of unblemished cleanliness that was very delightful. The line of young girls divided and passed down each side to take their places—and if before, the spotless scene had needed color, it was now supplied by the pretty plaid dresses of the young girls as they sat at table. A dozen lay-sisters, in white, waited upon them. Even elfin Jacqueline was impressed by the purity of order and beauty of this scene. The meal passed pleasantly amid the low, cheerful hum of girlish voices.

When it was over, the crowd separated into their various class-rooms, for the evening studies.

Jacqueline found herself with about twenty girls of her own age, in a very nice room, under the charge of Sister Celestine. While the other girls were conning their lessons for the next day, Jacqueline, because she had not yet been classed, sat in idleness until the Sister brought her a book from the school library. It was the life of St. Theresa, in whose thrilling story our girl soon became too deeply interested to note the passage of time, until at the ringing of a little silver bell the pupils all laid aside their books, to adjourn to the Chapel for Vespers.

The small chapel was a very fairy temple of beauty. The highly polished walls of pure white, were pierced with tall, narrow, gothic windows, of richly-stained glass, that threw gorgeous rainbow hues over the whole interior. Between those windows, hung paintings of rare beauty. But the crowning charm of the beautiful chapel was the resplendent altar of highly polished and gilded white satin-wood, enriched with many exquisite paintings and marble statuettes of saints and angels; adorned with innumerable fresh blooming flowers, that threw their fragrance like incense on the air; and illumined by countless wax tapers, that cast their pure and silvery light over the whole scene. Up in the gallery, opposite the altar, were seated the white-robed choristers. In the body of the chapel were assembled and seated in perfect order, the pupils and the nuns. And soon the vesper hymn to the Virgin arose and swelled in full volume upon the air. Jacqueline had a fine, soprano voice, and joined in the vesper hymn. It was certainly very beautiful—all beautiful—the words, the music, and the youthful singers—as the song swelled upon the air—

Ave purissima!
List to thy children's prayer,
Audi Maria!
Audi to us to thy care.
Guard us when sin is nigh,
Snares round our path are spread,
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
Thine, too, hath bled!

The song ceased. The services proceeded—they closed—they were over. And the young worshippers arose in silence and order, and passed out of the chapel.

The classes then separated to go to their various dormitories. Jacqueline was assigned a place among the elder girls, whom she accompanied to their sleeping apartment, which was situated on the second floor.

Nothing in the convent that I have already described, excelled this place in beauty and purity of aspect; it seemed the very temple of Vesta—the innermost sanctuary of youth, beauty and innocence.

It was a long room, with snowy walls and ceiling and floor—flanked by two rows of windows, with snowy linen blinds—furnished with two rows of white beds, with their heads to the wall between the windows, and each closed in with curtains of white dimity.

Now, standing at the entrance of this pure sanctuary, look up the clear vista between the lines of snowy beds to the opposite extremity of the room, and see a beautiful arched shrine, veiled with the most delicate lace which festoons each side, reveal, within, a life-like image of the Virgin, in white robes, with her meek hands crossed upon her sinless bosom, and her meek eyes bent as in thought. Some young girl's devotion has placed upon her brow a wreath of fresh, fragrant, white roses. To a poetic eye she seems to stand there the guardian of the slumbers of pure and beautiful young girlhood.

In the corners to the extreme right and left of the Virgin's shrine, stood the bedsteads occupied by the two nuns who had charge of this dormitory and the young girls who slept in it. These beds differed in no respect from those of the pupils, except they were a little larger.

Of the two duenna-nuns, Sister Agnes was a middle-aged lady, of severe and stately presence and stern rule.

Sister Rose was a woman of twenty-five, with a fresh, girlish countenance, and a pleasant smile and voice.

When Jacqueline was first introduced into this sweet, pure, peaceful retreat, she felt a sudden sharp pang—a sense of something unquiet, inhuman, elfish in her nature, at variance with the beautiful character of the scene—some discord at war with this harmony—some chaos incompatible with this order—some evil, in short, that she wished was not there.

Quietly each girl went within her own curtains to undress and go to bed. A few only gathered around the smiling Sister Rose for a good-night kiss. Some of the most warm-hearted and demonstrative, threw their arms around the beloved Sister and embraced her cordially.

But the stern Sister Agnes frowned upon such freedoms, which she declared appertained to "inordinate and sinful affections of the flesh."

This drew upon her the lightning flash of Jacqueline's eyes, and, alas! put to flight all the fairy's redeeming thoughts, and inspired her with a project of mischief which she resolved to put in execution, for the benefit of sour Sister Agnes that very night. It was an unpardonable piece of diablerie, for which I can offer no palliation, except that the poor elf was on the high road to destruction, with not one wise friend to intervene and save her. And when you are inclined to severely blame poor Sans Souci, remember her educators.

At last, all the young creatures were in bed, with their curtains drawn around them—all except Jacqueline.

"Why don't you retire, my love?" inquired Sister Rose.

"Because I haven't got my night-clothes," said Jacqueline.

"Haven't got your night-clothes—why how is that, my dear, where are they?"

"Packed up in my trunk, wherever that may be."

"Oh! yes, to be sure. I beg your pardon, my dear. It was my business to have attended to this—but I really forgot it. I often do forget things. Come with me, my dear, into the wareroom; your trunk is there," said Sister Rose, taking up a taper, and leading the way.

They passed down a long passage, at the other end of which was the door leading into the wardrobe wareroom, where the clothing of the girls in this dormitory was kept, and where Jacqueline's trunk remained as yet unpacked.

They entered, and while Sister Rose stood with her eyes bent upon the ground, pattering an *Ave*, Jacqueline knelt and unlocked her trunk, took from it a night dress and another *suit* (of which more anon), and wrapping them together in a tight bundle, locked her trunk again, and arose to her feet.

"It seems to me you have a large bundle there, my dear," said the Sister.

"Yes, I have other garments besides the night dress," said Jacqueline.

"Ah, yes! I suppose, after travelling, you need a change. That is all right, under the circumstances. But hereafter, my dear, remember that the pupils change only on Sundays and Wednesdays and on those mornings you will find clean clothes laid out upon your bed," said the Sister, and taking her taper, she paced soberly along, leading the way back to the dormitory, and followed by Jacqueline.

When they entered it, Sister Rose walked up and set her wax taper before the shrine of the Virgin, where it was intended to burn all night. Then she pointed out to Jacqueline the bed she was to occupy, and of her own accord, (for hitherto Sister Rose had been more accustomed to being caressed than to caressing,) she took the young stranger's hands, drew her up, and kissed her cheek, saying,

"Good-night, love. I hope you will be happy with us. I hope you will sleep well.—You mustn't be home-sick. All of us are separated from our parents and friends here, but we are very happy—as you will be after a few days. Good-night, and pleasant dreams to you, dear!"

And the kind Sister kissed her once again, and let go her hand.

And Jacqueline felt a twinge of compunction as she took herself and her mysterious bundle within her own curtains. She undressed and laid herself down, to wait until she should be reasonably sure that everybody in the room was asleep before commencing operations.

Occasionally she peeped out between her curtains—how sweet and calm and pure was the aspect of the room, with its score of slumbering beauties, and the sleepless eyes of the Virgin watching over them! Oh, elfin Jacqueline, how could you bring wild confusion and dismay into such a sweet and peaceful scene?

She lay back upon her pillow, anxiously listening, until they should all be locked in the arms of slumber.

Occasionally was heard the soft rustling of some young creature in her bed, like the fluttering of some young bird in its nest. But soon all these sounds ceased. The fair sleepers were all in the land of fairy dreams.

But it seemed to Jacqueline that the sour Sister never would go to sleep—that she found no more favor in the eyes of Morpheus, than of any other man. She sighed, and turned to the right, and then grunted and turned to the left; and she "Ah, me"-ed and "Oh, dear"-ed until the elf thought surely she must be suffering under that which is said to be the only real misery—great pain of body or remorse of mind. But it was neither of these things—it was only the sleeplessness caused by that good friend or bitter enemy, "green tea!"—that real and only "green-eyed monster" extant. At length, however, Sister Agnes was also caught asleep, as was proved by her deep and regular breathing.

And Jacqueline peeped out between her curtains, and seeing everything still, and the Virgin herself looking sweetly placid, as if she did not deem much harm in her wild child's frolic,

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EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

A schoolmaster in Chelsea, Mass., undertook to chastise one of his pupils, when he was set upon by several of the others, who rescued their companion. The school then broke up in confusion.

A man formerly belonging to this city, (says the Salem Evening Journal,) returned home on the 19th ultimo, after an absence of forty-two years. He left a wife, and a child one year old behind, and when he returned he found his daughter the mother of 12 children, some of whom are married. His wife lived a widow, as she supposed, over 21 years, and married again some twenty years since, and now resides in Salem.

It is now one hundred and fourteen years since the Methodists have existed as a people. They now number in the world nearly two millions of communicants, and preach the gospel to ten or twelve millions.

Eighteen thousand people in the city of New York live under ground—that is to say in cellars, vaults and *holes*. There is one neglected quarter—a single lodging room, or den, in which a hundred outcasts of both sexes herd together indiscriminately, every night. That may be called life in New York underground.

By the last census in 1850, Boston has 139,000 inhabitants. The increase since that time will bring up the number to 150,000, and, if Charlestown is added, the sum total will not be far from 175,000.

A letter from Naples says: "The excavations at Herculaneum have recently been continued, and have led to the discovery of two houses, facing the sea; but on the whole the results have not been satisfactory. At Pompeii the excavations, after being long suspended, have been renewed, and have brought to light a bronze statue of Apollo, of a size rather larger than life. They are to be continued with a view of discovering the walls of the town."

The State of Connecticut is out of debt, and has money loaned out at interest. The school fund is valued at $2,076,000, and other productive property of the State is estimated at $400,000, the greater part of which is invested in bank stocks.

Commodore Perry writes to the Secretary of the Navy that he has examined the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi, which are to be opened to the vessels of the United States, and with respect to geographical position, convenience of ingress and egress, and commodiousness for all the purposes required, they cannot be surpassed. Half the navies of the world can ride in one of these harbors.

The Russians are importing cotton from Khiva, which can furnish it in considerable quantities. The Cossacks of Orenburg, with their ox wagons, transport it from Khiva to steamboat navigation on the Volga, at the rate of 50 cts. per 100 lbs.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Rhode Island, recently elected the Rev. Thomas M. Clarke, of Hartford, Connecticut, to fill the post of Bishop of Rhode Island, vacated by the death of Bishop Henshaw. He was formerly Rector of St. Andrew's church, Philadelphia.

M. Fremiet, the first sculptor of animals in France, has been charged with a curious work by the Emperor. This is, to carve in marble, miniatures of all the corps in the army, both foot and horse. Eight inches is the height of the infantry. The most particular attention is to be paid to the uniform and accoutrements of both men and horses. The collection when completed will number not far from 100 statuettes.

Viadote is the name of a new style of ladies' bonnets, of Parisian origin. It is so constructed that it can be folded and packed up into a small case of two and a half inches deep, rendering it perfectly portable. The bonnet can be made in every style, and turned in the very height of the fashion, without impairing its character.

Among the prominent things recommended at the late Railroad Convention at Columbus, was that of establishing through fare at two and a half cents per mile; local fare to be three cents a mile. In order to put a stop to the frauds upon emigrants, the roads are to refuse the tickets of emigrant brokers, and receive only tickets issued by the Railroad Companies. The "Runner" system has been entirely abolished.

Mr. P. Smellee, a school teacher from the North, has been compelled to vacate his situation as Principal of the Public Schools at Jackson, Mississippi, in consequence of a letter, which is said to have been written by him, containing abolition sentiments, having been discovered in the post-office at that place. The letter is said to have had no address—and the Postmaster opened it to rectify the mistake.

A "Universal Jubilee," so called, is to be proclaimed by the Holy See for November next. According to the official journal at Rome, its object is to obtain: 1st. Peace between all Christian princes. 2nd. To appease the spirit of revolt and sedition. 3rd. The removal of the scourges of cholera and famine. 4th. To invoke the light of the Holy Spirit on the Holy Father, in the decision of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. An Encyclical Letter has been issued, dated August 1st, convoking at Rome all the Bishops of the Church, to aid in the decision of this last point of faith.

The late Samuel Nichols, on the very day he was killed, was talking of writing a strong article against the folly of attempting to mount the forward platform of a car while under way; and yet, strange to say, a very similar act of temerity was the cause of his death.

At the various tobacco houses in Virginia there have been inspected during the year ending the 1st inst., 44,865 hogsheads of tobacco, against 47,421 last year.

Harman Blennerhasset, the second son of Harman Blennerhassett of the island in the Ohio river which bears that name, died in New York on the 17th ult., after a protracted illness. He was an artist of considerable eminence. The only surviving member of the family, Joseph L. Blennerhasset, now lives in Troy, Missouri.

The dead letter bureau of the Post Office Department is now making up and transmitting mails of foreign dead letters to the countries whence they originally came. These dead letter mails include for England, 30,000; Canada, 7,500; Nova Scotia, 250; New Brunswick, 600; Bremen, 5,000; and for Prussia, 3,000. All these letters are returned unopened.

Joseph F. Haley, a printer from Portland, Me., has been convicted in Lima, Peru, of counterfeiting government notes, having struck off $600,000 worth. Punishment, five years in the chain gang.

Cozzen's Wine Press praises the American wines, and predicts the time when the grape will rank among the most important agricultural staples of this country. Of the vines of Europe it says: "The odium of Europe (doubtless the result of the method of cultivation by cuttings from vines, whose ancestry might have lived before the Christian era,) still continues to destroy the vines of the old world, and in the course of a few years, Ports, Madeiras, Clarets and Sherries will be wines of tradition only, like the Chian and the Falernian of the ancients."

Mr. Deidrick Havemeyer, of New York, died quite suddenly, a few days since, in consequence of the poisonous nature of a wound made under the nail of one of his fingers by the fin of a black fish which he was taking from a hook. He was in Rhode Island at the time of the accident.

Lieut. Jolly, of the British brig Bermuda, has been promoted for re-establishing the British Protectorate at Greytown, after Commander Hollins had destroyed the place. The despatches received by Mr. Crampton from his Government, relative to the Greytown bombardment, are said to be quite bellicose towards the United States.

Mr. Sorensen, a Dane, is the inventor of a new composing machine, which has keys like a piano, and every touch on the tangent is followed by a click, and the letter takes its place in a long mahogany channel prepared for it. It distributes the already used types at the same time that it sets the new page, and with perfect exactness. The machine is about the size of a large chair, is made of hard wood, brass, and steel, and will last apparently for a century or two without repairs.

CATTLE RETURNING.—Within the past few days there have returned through this county six or eight droves of stock cattle. It is impossible for the owners to sell them at anything like the price they cost. Doubtless many speculators will feel to a ruinous degree the effect of the glutted state of the cattle market, and the decline in prices.—*Staunton (Va.) Vindicator.*

EMIGRATION.—The amount of emigration to the Northwestern country, from Virginia, this fall, is truly astonishing. We met on a recent trip on the Parkersburg Road, as high as twelve families from Augusta county, *en route* to Iowa and Illinois. We saw many others from Rockingham, and some from eastern Virginia.—*Staunton (Va.) Vindicator.*

The City Councils of Washington have adopted a modified Maine liquor law. Henceforth tippling must begin upon not less than a pint of the ardent. The penalty for selling a less quantity is twenty dollars, and, in default of payment, confinement for not more than sixty days.

Captain Inglefield sends despatches to the Admiralty from the arctic regions, reporting the discovery of extensive mines of good anthracite coal on the coast of Greenland, in about latitude 71 degrees. This coal will prove valuable, should screw ships be sent there for whaling, as is very likely to be done. He says nothing of either of the English arctic expeditions, or of that under Dr. Kane.

The Savannah News says that previous to the death of the late Samuel Chapman, editor of the Savannah Journal and Courier, a few weeks since, that gentleman purchased a lot in the Laurel Grove Cemetery, to be appropriated especially as a place of burial for printers. The purchase was hardly completed, when he himself was called to the mansions of the blessed, and his body became the first occupant of the tomb.

A regular manufacture of Egyptian antiquities goes on at Birmingham. They are exported to the banks of the Nile, and sold at a profit by the Arabs to incautious travellers. Malay Kreeses are also manufactured, which are sold as the "genuine article," to the unwary voyager, at Pinang, Malacca, and Singapour.

When a bank suspends in Australia, they take the President to a neighboring tree, and serve him in the same manner. A simple remedy, but very efficacious.

The street sweepers in aristocratic Belgravia, the lordly region of London, have organized themselves into an independent body, and permit no one to wield a broom in that region without the sanction of the trustees.

Cadwallader Evans, well-known as the inventor of the safety valve, extensively used on Western steamers, died of diarrhoea at Pittsburg, on Monday week.

The editor of the Batavia Democrat, thus addresses his readers: "It needed no prophet to foretell the downfall in the price of wheat. Ye farmers who refused the princely price of two dollars per bushel, in expectation of getting two dollars and fifty cents, what say ye to the present market value of this commodity, one dollar and thirty cents per bushel, with a prospect of a still further decline."

From the year 1822 to the present time, forty-one Catholic periodicals have been established in the United States, thirty-three weeklies, seven monthlies, and one quarterly, but of the forty-one seventeen remain.

A slave, secreted on board the bark Franklin, from Jacksonville for Bath, Me., on arriving at the latter place took to the swamps, where he lay concealed for several days. The women went after him, dressed him in female clothing, and sent him off to New Bedford, whence he speedily departed for Canada.

The New York Colonization Society has chartered the bark Estelle, to carry emigrants to Liberia. She will sail about the 20th.

Commander Hollins is to take the command of the United States steam frigate Princeton, and return to San Juan, at Greytown. He will take out Mr. Wheeler, the United States Consul at Nicaragua. The Princeton is to be stationed at Greytown for the present.

The foreign arrivals at this port during the month of September, were 368, and the number of passengers 28,018.

The New Orleans Crescent speaks of the McDonough estate as a "vast expanse of swamp and prairie lands and miserable shanties," and intimates that it will be a long while before that city and Baltimore will be able to secure the proceeds to be invested as directed by the testator.

The Milwaukie Wisconsin says the potato crop of that State is large and excellent.

The President of the Know Nothings appears—J. W. Barker, of New York, whose title is G. P., (Grand President,) and J. E. Ecling, G. V. P., of the "Grand Council." A circular has been recently addressed by them to the "Worthy Presidents" of the other societies, who sign with their names as aforesaid.

The Arch Bishop of Baltimore, (Roman Catholic) has summoned the prelates of his Province to a Council, to open at the Cathedral in that city, on the 5th of November. The province embraces Baltimore, Philadelphia, Richmond, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Erie, and Savannah.

The Cayuga (N. Y.) Chief tells the following: "On the '4th,' some three or four years ago, S. A. Goodwin, Esq., delivered an oration in our city, and G. O. Rathbun read the Declaration of Independence. A very fashionable dressed young lady was heard complimenting Mr. Rathbun's speech as much smarter than Mr. Goodwin's.

M. Alois Biernacki, one of the oldest of the Polish refugees in Paris died on the 8th ult., at the age of 76. He was formerly Nuncio at the Polish Diet, and at one time Minister of Finance.

Hastings, the Postmaster in Sussex county, Delaware, who about three years ago was convicted for robbing the mail and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, has been pardoned by the President. He has worked industriously at his trade, shoemaking, during his imprisonment in the jail of this county, and assisted materially in supporting his family. He looks in feeble health.

A Mr. Blaxton has two bets—one for $4,000 and another for $500—that he would ride from San Francisco to Independence, Missouri, in twelve days. He is to perform the first three hundred miles of the journey with a horse and buggy.

At the term of the Criminal Court for the county of Lenawee, State of Michigan, which closed on the 30th ult., Augustus McDonald was tried, convicted and *sentenced for life*, for placing obstructions on the line of the United States mail road, for the purpose, as was clearly shown and admitted by him, of robbing the mails. This mail road, we suppose, was a railroad; if so, the punishment is a just and proper one.

Mr Buchanan, it is said, will, on the 9th of July next, resign his post as Minister to England, and, after a tour on the continent, return to the United States.

The proprietors of the Enquirer, Times, Commercial, and Columbian, four daily journals of Cincinnati, have combined to raise the price of their papers from ten to twelve cents per week. They allege as reasons for the change, the fact that newspaper publishing is less profitable than any other business requiring a similar outlay of capital, talent and labor, the increase in the cost of making newspapers owing to competition, the rise in paper, wages, rents, fuel and provisions.

The hop crop in New York is very large and fine this year. It is estimated that the crop in Otsego alone is worth half a million of dollars, at the prices now ruling, that is, from 37½ to 40 cents for choice lots.

The Washington (D. C.) Star informs us that books, not weighing over four pounds, may be sent in the mail, prepaid, at one cent an ounce, any distance in the United States under three thousand miles; and at two cents an ounce over three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at the end or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wrapper. If not prepaid, the postage under three thousand miles is one cent and-a-half, and over three thousand miles in the United States, three cents an ounce.

An American Prima Donna, Miss Juliana May, of Washington City, has made a successful debut at Verona, Italy.

The grave of Henry Clay is situated in a cemetery near the densely populated portion of Lexington. It is marked by no sepulchre. The earth is heaped up in its usual form and covered with the green sward. It is contemplated to raise a monument upon the spot where he rests.

T. F. Meagher is going to California in November. He intends to reside there permanently.

The Hon. Presley Ewing, a member of the present Congress from the Third District of Kentucky, died of cholera on Monday, at the Mammoth Cave. The Louisville Journal speaks of him as having been a wit, a scholar, a politician, an orator, a genius, and a statesman.

Rev Jackson J. Bushnell, Professor of Mathematics in Beloit College, Wisconsin, has given $5,000 towards the endowment of his own professorship.

Gen. Concha arrived at Havana on the 21st ult., and was very enthusiastically received.—On the 22nd, Gen. Concha issued an address to the inhabitants of the island, declaring his resolution to continue the same course in administering its government as he did when he before occupied the Captain Generalship, and that he hopes to meet the same support from them which they had always given him. Under these conditions, he expressed his hope to be able to guide the island to the very summit of prosperity, binding it more strongly than ever to the mother country, by the strong ties of interest and affection.

Of the eight or nine members composing the editorial corps of Savannah at the commencement of summer, only one remains at his post. One has died, and the rest have been compelled by the unhealthiness of the city to leave it.

An old man named Lyman Hawes, committed a strange freak the other day, causing no little excitement. He erected a house of boards on both tracks of the Providence and Worcester Railroad, and placed within the same a keg of powder, and then nailing himself in the house, swore that if the trains attempted to run through the building, he would blow all to atoms. His wild and determined threats, and the obstruction, caused a detention of two hours to the trains; but finally a crowd of about 1,000 persons assembled, smashed in the door of the building, and seized Hawes and dragged him to jail. The police speedily demolished the house, and the trains passed on. Hawes formerly owned the land through which the road passes, and conceiving that he had not been allowed enough for it by the Commissioners, endeavored to revenge himself in the manner stated.

The Boston Daily Mail, for many years published as penny paper, has, on account of the price of paper, advanced its price to two cents per copy. It has, however, somewhat increased its dimensions.

The supply of lager beer has given out in St. Louis and the Republican takes advantage of the occasion to show the immense consumption of that drink in St. Louis. Eighteen millions of glasses were consumed within a period of six months, and mostly by Germans, at a cost of $900,000.

The Kingston (Canada) News learns from Three Rivers, that the party who left there some time since, to "prospect" on the St. Maurice, have returned with the gratifying intelligence that the same stratified ice prevails as in California, and report favorably of the mining capabilities of the district of St. Francis. They brought to Three Rivers a specimen of the St. Maurice gold dust, and the formation of a company for mining purposes is spoken of.

Travellers who have arrived from Spain, report that most extraordinary cures of the cholera have been made by some Malay seamen at Cadiz. There have been more cures by the Malays than by all the Spanish doctors. The Malay method of treating cholera is most peculiar. They pinch up the skin in round balls, and then rub the surrounding parts, where the skin is stretched to its utmost tension.

O. A. Brownson, in the last number of his Quarterly Review, publishes an article entitled "The Know-Nothings—Know-Nothingism; or, Satan Warring Against Christ," in which he reiterates the views upon Americanism which have given so much offence to his Catholic brethren, and developes them more fully. He denounces the "Know-Nothing" movement, but asserts, in the broadest sense, the doctrine of that organization, that "Americans should rule America."

C. R. Weld, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Society of London, a gentleman of scientific and literary attainments, and brother-in-law of the poet Tennyson, has arrived at Washington.

The telegraphic experiments made at Portsmouth, England, to convey a message through water without the aid of connecting wires, turns out to have been nine years ago anticipated by similar ones made by Professor Morse, on the Susquehanna River. The Baltimore Sun, from which we learn this fact, says that he is perfecting the discovery, with a view to forming a telegraphic communication between the United States and Great Britain.

A lady, suspected of stealing at a shoe shop in St Louis, lately, was searched. Several pair of shoes were found suspended from her garter, by means of a hook contrived for the purpose.

There is nothing like a life in California to brighten the intellect and teach one to turn everything to account. In San Francisco, a few weeks since, the hulk of an old vessel was discovered buried beneath the surface of one of the principal streets, and after some cogitation it was decided to convert it into a huge cistern, or reservoir, for the reception of water. The thought was no sooner conceived than executed, and the fire department turned out in high glee to fill it from the bay.

Selected Poetry.

IT IS ALMOST MORNING.

BY J. L. BATES.

I.

Watching lone one stormy night,
O'er a daughter's pillow,
While the bark in wild affright
Leaped the bounding billow,
And the gale moaned wide and wild,
With a voice of warning,
Then a mother soothed her child:
"It is almost morning!"

II.

Ah! how oft the weary heart,
Bowed in utter sorrow,
Long hath watched the hours depart,
Waiting for the morrow!
And, when hope hath almost fled,
Hailed the welcome warning:
"Lift once more the bended head,
It is almost morning!"

III.

Often hath the erring soul
Through the midnight dreary,
Prayed for faith to make it whole,
Waiting, worn and weary;
Watching, longing for the day,
And the joyous warning:
"He hath wiped thy sins away,
It is almost morning!"

IV.

Patriot, for thy native land
Though thy heart be bleeding;
Slave, beneath a tyrant's hand
Vainly interceding;
Dark although the night may be,
Not a star adorning,
Lo! the daylight gilds the sea!
"It is almost morning!"

V.

To thy unaccustomed feet
Though the way be weary;
Though thy brow the storm may beat,
Life seem void and dreary;
Moon nor star make glad the skies,
With its solemn warning;
Look aloft with Faith's dear eyes;
"It is almost morning!"

VI.

From the unforgiven sin
That hath bowed thy spirit;
From the evil thoughts within
That we all inherit;
From the wrong so hard to bear;
From the cold world's scorning;
From the midnight of despair;
"It is almost morning!"

VII.

Dark although the night may be,
Mad the billows hoary,
Morning walks along the sea,
Morning, light, and glory!
Breaks for thee the night of life:
List, a double warning:
From all earthly care and strife,
"It is almost morning!"

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 7, 1854.

—*Knickerbocker.*

Selected Sketch.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1812.

FROM VINCENT NOLTE'S MEMOIRS.

I was riding alone through the vast forest which separates Frankfort from Louisville, when, all at once, my horse, as if struck by lightning, suddenly stood still—the trees around us had for some seconds exhibited a strange heaving and waving motion. The animal I bestrode obeyed the spur, when I attempted to force him onward, with a sort of terror, again stood suddenly still for an instant, and then finally advanced in a tremor. It was some time before he fell into his usual pace. Upon my arrival in Louisville I was at once surrounded at the tavern door, and pertinaciously asked if I had noticed anything of the earthquake, and I felt authorized to say that I had. The Ohio had been frozen over for several days, and for more than a week past no boat had descended the stream; hence my boats and my friend Hollander were frozen up on the way between Limestone and Louisville. Three days afterwards, just as we had all sat down to dinner, the whole house was violently shaken; glasses, plates, and bottles jingled, and fell from the board; most of the guests leaped to their feet, exclaiming, "There's the earthquake, by jingo! there is no humbug about it!" as they rushed into the street. But all was still again, and every one gradually returned to his house. Early the next morning I learned that the earthquake had loosened the ice from the Ohio, and had again opened the current of the stream, and that several boats, among others two flats, fastened together, had been carried down over the Falls lying between Louisville and the little town of Shippingport, situated at the distance of a few miles from the former place. I at once rode over to Shippingport, and there found my boats and my companions in safety. So soon as we had replenished and increased our stock of provisions, I returned to my boats, and, having recommenced our journey, we in a few days left the clear, transparent waters of the Ohio, and passed by its junction with the mighty Mississippi into the thick and turbid flood of the latter stream. We floated on quietly for several days, arresting our course as was usual, at night, and securing our boats in any way we could to the river bank. In flat-boat journeys like ours it is a rule never to trust your craft in the night to the force of the current, for the surface of the water is so frequently broken by trees (which have been swept away from the shore, and then become fast imbedded in the bottom of the river, where they remain immovable, and are designated by the name of *planters*, as well as by those which are, likewise, fast imbedded, but have a constant up and down motion, whence they are known by the title of *sawyers*), that it is almost an impossibility to avoid them at night, and, in fact, to do so is difficult in broad daylight. In this way we reached the small town of New Madrid, on the 6th of February. Some twenty boats, which had left Shippingport at the same time with us, kept us company. It was a clear, moonlight night: my friend Hollander had retired to rest, and I was sitting, about twelve o'clock, at a little table, sketching a caricature of Madison,* then President of the United States, and of whom it was said, that he was under petticoat government. Madison had shortly before issued a proclamation, in which he called upon the American people "to put on armor, and assume a warlike attitude." My caricature represented him in a general's uniform, in an attitude as if he were calling out troops; his wife stood beside him, with a military chapeau on her head, a musket on her shoulder, and arrayed in the red breeches which her predecessor Jefferson was known to have brought from France, after the revolutionary period, when he resided at Paris as Ambassador, and was generally asserted to have worn. I had just given the last touches to the somewhat dilapidated red hose, when there came a frightful crash, like a sudden explosion of artillery, and instantly followed by countless flashes of lightning; the Mississippi foamed up like the water in a boiling cauldron, and the stream flowed rushing back, while the forest trees, near which we lay, came cracking and thundering down. This fearful spectacle lasted for several minutes; and the fierce flashes of lightning, the rush of the receding waters, and the crash of the falling trees, seemed as if they would never end. Hollander, starting half-way up from his bed, hurriedly exclaimed, "What is that, Nolte?" What other answer could I give him but that I myself did not know, yet supposed it to be the effect of an earthquake. I clambered up to the roof of our boat. What a spectacle! Our flats were indeed still floating, but far away from the shore where we had moored them at nightfall. The agitated water all around us, full of trees and branches, which the stream, now flowing in its proper current, was rapidly sweeping away, and a light only here and there visible from the town—in short, a real chaos. The feeble crew, which I had brought along with me from Pittsburg, to man my flat-boats, consisted of three sailors, whom want of employment at the seaports, while the embargo lasted, had driven to that inland city, and a river pilot, acquainted with those streams. They told me that the boats around us had let go the tackle which secured them to the shore, and were now floating down the stream, and asking whether we had not better do the same thing. I at once reflected that if, under the usual circumstances, it was dangerous, and therefore by no means advisable, to trust to the stream in the night, it must now be much more so, when the danger was greatly increased by the trees which the earthquake had loosened and driven away, and that consequently it would be a better plan to remain where we were until daylight had returned, and we could see our way. At sunrise the whole terrible scene was disclosed to our gaze, and the little town of New Madrid, shaken, destroyed, and overflowed to three-fourths of its extent, lay more than five hundred paces from us, with some of its scattered inhabitants here and there visible among the ruins. Our boats were fixed in the middle of an island formed by fallen trees, and several hours passed before the crew could cut a passage for them, and get them out. At length we were again floating on the stream, and continued our course, by day's journeys, until we arrived, on the thirty-second day after our departure from Pittsburg, in Natchez, in the State of Mississippi. Here, where we heard all kinds of details concerning the earthquake, as it had been noticed in that place, we remained a week, during which time not a single one of the boats arrived that had surrounded us on the evening of the 6th of February. When we reached New Orleans, we learned that the earthquake had not been any farther perceptible there, than that the chandeliers of the ball-room had all at once been observed to rock from side to side, and that a number of ladies had felt quite ill, while others instantly fainted. This remarkable earthquake, which was so disastrous in its consequences, commenced in the north-western part of the State of Missouri, shook the whole extent of Louisiana more or less, and stretched throughout the whole region lying around the Gulf of Mexico as far as Caraccas, where it finally raged with terrible fury, almost entirely destroying that town itself, and reducing to poverty, or swallowing up, 40,000 inhabitants there, and in several other places in the neighborhood. Of the boats which surrounded us on the evening of February 6th nothing was ever afterwards heard, and we should probably have shared the same fate, had it not been for the plan we adopted of remaining by the shore.

I have always regarded it as a great gift of heaven, that amid the many serious dangers in which I have been frequently exposed during the course of my life, I was ever able to retain a certain tranquillity, and my entire presence of mind.

* I sent this caricature to David Parish, who hung it up for years in his bed-chamber, at Ogdensburgh. From his hands it passed into the possession of Dennis A. Smith, the well known Cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, in Baltimore, and thence, several years later, it came back to me, after that bank broke.

THE WIDE AWAKE HAT;

OR, JUSTICE IS SATISFIED.

It requires a certain amount of moral courage to wear a felt hat—particularly one of the Hecker, or cordially wide-awake form. I wear one, and shall continue to do so. I find that it requires no brushing; that I can sit upon it, fold it up into a very small compass, and put it into my pocket, if I like; that it lasts a long time, and never gets shabby; that it is very cheap, and of sufficiently humble appearance to render its being stolen or exchanged for a worse very improbable. Moreover, I am bound to my felt hat by strong ties of gratitude, for it once saved me from having my head broken.

I was making a short stay in Berlin, that large, square, sour-soup-smelling city. Desirous of seeing what life after dark in the capital of Prussia was like, I went one night to an establishment, the Konig's Something, where there was plenty of music and dancing (with a strict government license, you may be sure,) and immense quantities of beer and tobacco. Though an Englander, I was gallant enough to offer my partner, at the conclusion of a waltz, a glass of Bavarian beer; which she was good enough to accept, and to partake of to her own apparent satisfaction, but to the undisguised distaste of a young man with a ring on his thumb, her former partner, who was so long and lanky in stature, so unctuous and tawny in face, hair, and attire, that he put me in mind of one of the well-greased poles, up which fellows at country fairs were accustomed to climb for legs of mutton. I think I was endeavoring to explain this (in execrable German) to the fair beer drinker, when this jealous man began to be rude and insulting to the lady, to me, and to the land of my birth and to her sons in general. I resented his insolence; high words ensued, followed by very low ones (on his part) but no blows; partly because there were several policemen in the room, partly, perhaps, because the oleaginous Othello believed in the tradition common all over the continent, that every Englishman, of whatever rank or size, has been trained from his youth upwards in the science and practice of the "boxe," and hits hard and true. I went away from the Konig's whatever its name was, shortly afterwards, and had forgotten all about the greasy man; when turning the corner of the street, I received a tremendous blow with some blunt instrument on the back of the head, or of the hat rather, for the trusty felt opposed itself to the force of the bludgeon just as effectually as Saladin's cushion might have done to King Richard's broadsword. The blow only dazed and staggered me, thanks to my wide-awake. I immediately turned round, and beheld my greasy friend running away as fast as his long legs could carry him. But he was not wise in his generation. If he had darted down a dark entry, or into a doorway, he might have escaped; but it was a very bright moonlight night, and I of course ran after him, vociferating, "Stop thief!" as if I had been in Seven Dials, London. The chase was short. The long man ran into the arms of a Polizei, a night constable, who, immediately he had collared him, tripped his heels up, and then dragged him up again, knocked him against a wall, punched his ribs, and apostrophised him in sundry compound German words, winding up with contemptuous and indignant "Du's."

My complaint was soon made. The fellow had been taken in flagrant delicit; and the bludgeon (a most murderous cudgel) was picked up at the very street corner where he had assaulted me.

"Justice is on the alert," said the Polizei to me. "Am I to take this man to the lock-up, herr? I promise you he will get three months—three solid months' imprisonment. Or do you consent to arrange the matter?"

Now the imprisonment of the long man could not have done me one groschen's worth of good. My hat had saved my head, and I had got no hurt, and moreover, the prisoner, turning out an arrant cur, began to whine and blubber most piteously, wriggling like an eel, talking of his wife and family, and entreating that my English lordship would forgive him. So I said that the only feasible arrangement to my mind, was for the man to beg pardon for what he had done, and make the best of his way home.

The Polizei immediately assumed an aspect of the rigidest severity.

"Nein, nein," he said, austerely, "das kann nicht seyn, Herr. Arrangement. Home! Poof! Justice must not be trifled with. You must *both* come with me. Ya; both. You as plaintiff; you as defendant." Whereupon the Polizei looked upon me with an air that said unmistakably, "Consider yourself in custody."

I was about to resign myself, when the culprit, who evidently understood better than I did what a Prussian judicial "arrangement" was, began to overwhelm the Polizei with compound gutturals; the majority of which were dead and buried letters to me. I saw, however, the constable frequently strike the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right. I understood that. I understood it all when the long man produced from the pockets of his tawny trowsers, a fat silver coin called a thaler, worth three shillings, which he handed to the Polizei.

I shall never forget the admirably philosophical equanimity with which this incorruptible functionary received the bribe. He looked criticisingly at it, gave the greasy man a shove forward, to intimate that that was his way home (an intimation he acted upon instantaneously), pocketed the thaler; looked at me, winked with his moustache (the Germans are too leaden-eyed to wink with their organs of vision), and uttering these remarkable words, "Die Gerechtigkeit ist befriedigt." (Justice is satisfied, turned on his heel, and I saw him no more.

Upon reflection, next day I was obliged to admit that if justice was not satisfied, I ought to be moderately so. In fact, the municipal mediator, though at first sight his conduct would seem to have borne some resemblance to that of the lawyer in the famous oyster arbitration case, had, in the main, given satisfaction to all parties concerned. The greasy ruffian had escaped his merited three months' imprisonment for a trifling mulct: that was satisfaction enough for him. The Polizei was the richer in the world by one thaler: he was satisfied. And I had every reason for satisfaction in not prosecuting my assailant. I should have had to have gone before the Counsellor of Police one day, the Assessor the next; the Minister of Police the third; and to have attended the adjudication of the process on the fourth.—Four days lost for a blow that did me no harm; I could not even have foregone the prosecution or have left Berlin, for my passport was at the Police office, and without a passport, locomotion would have been out of the question. I never look at my felt hat without thinking of the Prussian Police Gerechtigkeit or Justice, which was satisfied by a three-shilling piece, and that makes me recall with a laugh the old anecdote of the Kentuckian gentleman who stopped the ball because Captain Larkins had kissed his wife, immediately afterwards vociferating, "The ball may go on again! Capting Larkins has given me satisfaction. Capting Larkins has loaned me five dollars!"—*Household Words.*

☞ Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man.

Wit and Humor.

DAGUERREOTYPING IN THE BACK WOODS.

[illegible]

City Scenes.

MOTHER.—"And pray, Doctor, what are your terms for heducating little boys?"

THE PRINCIPAL.—"Why, my dear madam, my usual terms are three hundred dollars per annum, (to use the language of the ancient Romans,) but, to effect my object quickly, I would take a few for what I could get, provided they be GENTLEMEN, like your dear little boy there; but, (again to use the Latin tongue,) it is a sine qua non that they should be GENTLEMEN!!!"

MUST COME TO IT.—Matrimony is an institution that man can't get along without. Spite of all advice or the visible misfortunes of others, held up as examples, he will run after delaine until Hymen "marks him for his own." You may point in vain to the miseries of Simpkins with a scolding wife and a half dozen responsibilities, and Waddles who have to get up at 5 o'clock A. M., to get breakfast. You can't persuade Perkins that such a fate would ever befall him and Araminta. He gets married, and is transcendently happy until the honeymoon sets, leaving him in the sombre light of reality. Hitherto he never concerned himself about the price of coal or provisions, and laughed "hard times" to scorn, but now a depletion in the [illegible]

Selected Articles.

THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Summer's gone and over,
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

[illegible]

MARRIED BY GAS-LIGHT.

[illegible]

A BEAR STORY.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

THE EXPERT SMUGGLER.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]